

February, 1934

The Liguorian



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AMONG OURSELVES

Those who are following the series of articles on Catholic Action which are being written for THE LIGUORIAN by R. J. Miller, will be especially interested in those that are in preparation now. They are to be translations of the actual constitution and statutes of the official organization called Catholic Action as these have been prepared in the Vatican for Italy, Germany and Spain.



So far as we know, these statutes have not as yet been published in America. They should be indispensable to all those who are interested in Catholic organization of any kind; and will help to form in the mind of the layman, an idea of what the Pope is endeavoring to accomplish by Catholic Action.



We receive a considerable amount of correspondence from our readers as to their likes and dislikes in THE LIGUORIAN. We hereby invite more readers to send in an expression of their opinion—whether that opinion be favorable or not. No offense will ever be taken at honest expressions of opinion: rather we shall be grateful.



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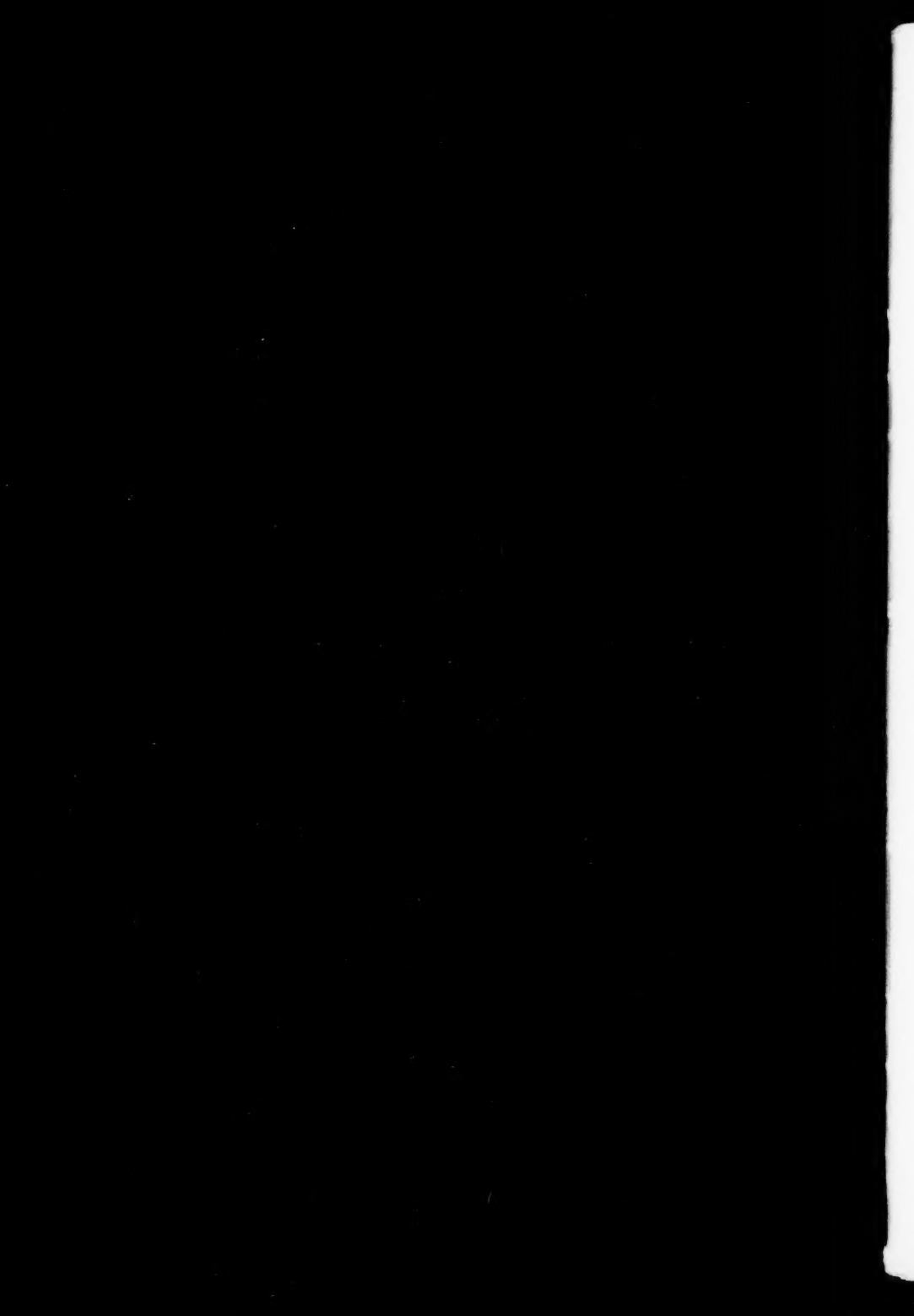
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THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1934

No. 2

A Story

There is a story I've been told,
And one I love full well;
It can be true, as I believe,
So runs the tale they tell.

Our Savior walked in Paradise
St. Peter by His side,
And all around was happiness,
With beauty far and wide.

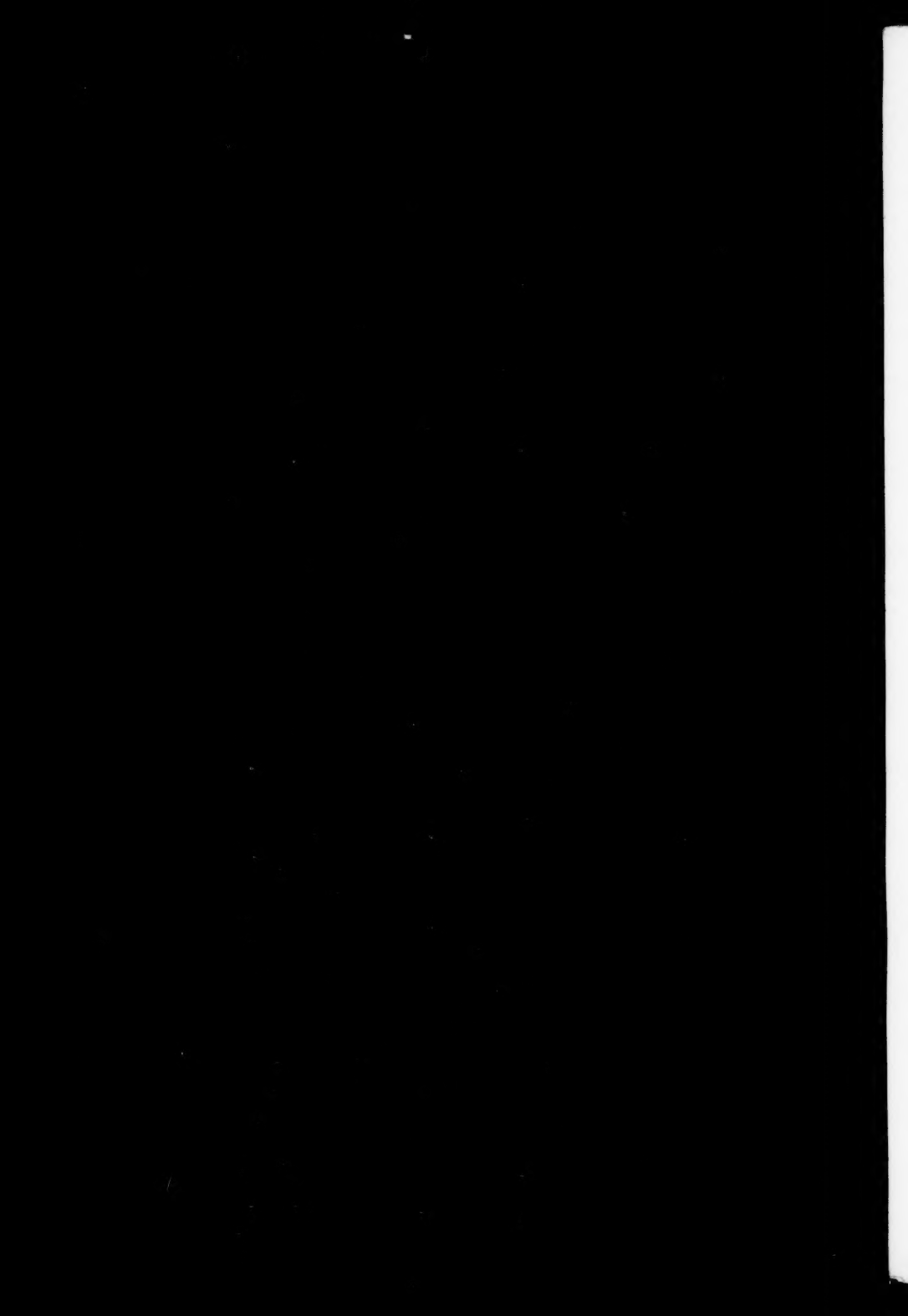
And every soul was glorious
They met upon the way.
God's Majesty the light thereof
Which shall not pass away.

When lo! upon the road there came
A beggar old and worn,
His face was lined with weariness,
His clothing patched and torn.

St. Peter gazed in wonderment
And then at length began:
"I opened not the gate to him,
Dear Lord, who is this man?"

The Savior turned upon His friend
That smile all hearts doth win:
"He's just a poor unfortunate,
So Mother let him in."

—Bro. Reginald C.Ss.R.



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Father Tim Casey

HIGHER EDUCATION

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

To the accompaniment of sundry sighs and grunts, Martin Gillhooley extracted from his trousers pocket a sweaty purse, undid its fastenings with ceremonial slowness, took out a ten dollar bill and laid it solemnly in Father Casey's hand.

"God bless you, Martin! You and other generous friends like you will keep St. Mary's High School going for another year at least, in spite of the hard times."

"'Tis welcome to it you are, Father Tim. I'm only sorry 'tis not ten times as much."

When any man parts with ten hard-earned dollars, he is entitled to some compensation. No form of compensation appealed more strongly to Martin Gillhooley than "a bit of an argymint." He forthwith launched out upon one.

"Welcome you are, sir, because 'tis *you* wanted it, but not — Your Reverence won't mind my saying — but not because I thinks the closing of St. Mary's High School would be any great calamity."

Father Casey was full well aware of the old man's loyalty to the faith. In many a difficult crisis during the early days of St. Mary's Parish, he had learned to know and prize and lean upon that loyalty. Therefore it was without any misgivings that he led him to state his objections and to develop them.

"The closing of St. Mary's School no great calamity! Martin Gillhooley, what sort of talk is that for a Catholic man in his senses?"

"Begging Your Reverence's pardon, I did not say St. Mary's School, I said St. Mary's *High* School. As for St. Mary's Grammar School, where the children learn to read and write and figure, and where, at the same time, under the guidance of the devoted, self-sacrificing sisters and the superintendence of the parish priest, they are thoroughly grounded in faith and morals and taught to love God, to venerate His Blessed Mother and the saints, and to respect their neighbors and themselves — ah, that is another matter, entirely. I'd liefer a thousand times see this roof above my head crumble to ruins than the removal of one brick of St. Mary's Grammar School."

"Short-sighted man!" cried the priest, "would you undo all the hard work of the sisters and the priest by sending the children to a non-religious high school to the imminent risk of both their faith and their morals?"

"I would not, thin."

"Well, what *would* you do?"

"I would close all the high schools, both Catholic and non-Catholic; that is what I would do — and put the children at something where they wouldn't be wasting their *time*."

"Is education a waste of time?"

"Real education, no. But to be trying to teach Latin to a slip of a girl or to be coaching young Red O'Rafferty here next door to repeat the words of some heathen Greek that lived two thousand years ago, that is a waste of time."

"The study of Latin and Greek forms a necessary part of a classical education," said the priest.

"Let them leave the classical education, thin, and learn how to make a living: that is real education. The lot of us supported ourselves and our families the last forty years working in the gas house — and not one of us ever studied Latin or Greek."

"No, but the president of the company did. And his classical education is partly the reason why he draws twenty-five thousand a year, while you are lucky to get fifteen hundred. You men know from experience the meaning of a life of hard and heavy labor. Do you want to condemn your children to the same lot? The opportunities that were denied you can be had for them for the asking. Don't you want them to profit by these opportunities? Don't you want them to receive an education that will make their lives more easy and pleasant than yours has been?"

"No man on earth is stronger for that than I am, sir. Therefore, says I, let it be an education that will help them. Let them leave Greek and Latin and learn to lay brick or build machines or something else they will get paid for."

"You know very well no fourteen-year-old boy can learn to lay brick in a class room. But he can learn to *think*, which is far more important, even for money-making. After all these centuries of experience, the best educators still hold that a thorough classical course is the best means of teaching a boy to think."

"I've done a power of thinking myself in my day — and little money was I ever paid for it."

"You just think you were thinking, Martin. And as for your money-making: you and so many of your kind never ceased bleating: prepare our children for money-making. Drop the classics, Latin, Greek and all such like, and teach them something practical. What is the result? You turn out children with no education at all, unfitted either to work or to think. Most money-making avocations, whether laying brick or directing railway systems, are learned in the doing, just as swimming is learned by swimming. You can do a lot for the prospective swimmer, before he reaches the sea, by building up his muscle, his wind, his grit, his determination, but you cannot teach him to swim. It is the same with our children. Their life avocation will be learned only when they are launched out into the battle of life. You cannot teach it to them in school. But what you can and should do in school is prepare them so that they will learn their avocation all the quicker and better once they are launched. The best way of doing that is through the mental and cultural development of a classical education."

"I don't mind ever seeing an ad in the paper," the old man replied, "I don't mind ever seeing an ad in the paper offering to pay ten dollars a week for the uplifting companionship of a bright young man with the mental and cultural development of a classical education, begor."

"Maybe not, Martin. But what you have seen and can see any day is an employer who demands a graduation diploma from college or at least from high school, when he engages a young man even for work having apparently nothing to do with classical studies. A knowledge of Greek and Latin does not seem to have any special virtue of helping a man face bullets; nevertheless, during the late war, authorities did not care to raise anybody to even the rank of second lieutenant unless he had made higher studies. Pounding a typewriter, operating an adding machine or a calculator does not seem to call for a store of Greek poetry; yet the high-class places do not want a typist, no matter how rapid, who jumped straight from grammar school into business college, they want typists who have had the benefit of a business education."

"So I'm told. So I'm told. But I cannot see the sense of it."

"The sense of it is this. Classical education teaches one to think. The firm wants a thinker at the typewriter, not an automaton. But the main reason is that the time and training and contacts of a classical

education help to form a gentleman. Any high-class concern wants none but gentlemen in its employ. You too should wish to see your children gentlemen, regardless of whether it adds one cent to their income. Making money or possessing money is not the keenest joy one can experience even here in this world."

"True for you, Father Tim."

"What was that I found you reading when I dropped in the other day? An article on the history and legends of Bally — Bally — Oh, your native place over in the old country?"

"Ah, sure it was a fine write-up, entirely. I remembered every stick and stone that he mentioned, though 'tis a half-century since I have seen them."

"Could money buy a greater pleasure that you derived from reading that article?"

"It could not, thin."

"The pleasure you found in that article about your native place, your children will find in a thousand articles and books and essays and poems, because classical study has opened up to them new worlds, new civilizations, has introduced them to the great minds of all ages, has helped them to understand the life, the passions, the struggles, the hopes, the ideals, of the mighty peoples of ancient and modern times. Can't you see what a Godsend that will be for them when they are disabled, old, lonely? Can't you see how it makes them gloriously independent of hired entertainers and of enjoyments that must be paid for? Can't you see how rich and full it makes their lives?"

"I — I suppose it does."

"Of course it does. And not only does it fill their hours of repose, of retirement, of solitude with joy, it also lends prudence, calmness, foresight to their most strenuous activity. History repeats itself. They know history. They know how certain combinations of circumstances in the past helped to bring about certain results in nations, in families. When they find any of these conditions repeated today they can conjecture what is likely to happen and take wise measures accordingly. Human nature does not change. They have studied human nature down the ages, in its most intimate manifestations, in poetry, in drama, in all classical work. Therefore they know human nature; they know how to deal with it, what to expect of it, how to restrain what is worst in it and develop what is best."

"'Tis no easy thing to understand, that same human nature."

"And those who understand it are those that direct it for good or for ill — they are the leaders. And that is the crying need today — in this country — leaders, who will lead aright — leaders with a true philosophy of life, with correct views, with solid, clean-cut Christian principles. The well-trained, practical Catholic has all that. But too few Catholics are leaders. Our percentage of leaders among the one-hundred-and-twenty million Americans is far, far below what our numbers would warrant. Instead of leading we are following. One reason is because there are too many stubborn hard-heads like you, Martin Gillhooley, who will not encourage our young Catholics to get a classical education — an important step towards becoming leaders of their fellow-countrymen."

"Your powerful sermons have been known to convert worse sinners nor me," the old man reminded him, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I shall believe in the sincerity of *your* conversion — when — when — when you add another ten to prevent the closing of St. Mary's High School," said Father Casey.

SUFFERING THE LITTLE ONES

Long before he was Pope, Pius X practiced the law of love and mercy towards children. It is said that when he was Patriarch of Venice, he one day had a visit from a mother and her little girl. The child, who was only seven, had come to ask permission to make her first Communion the next day. She was asking something contrary to all existing custom, and she knew it.

The Cardinal put one question to her:

"How many natures are there in Jesus Christ?"

"Two," replied the child, "the human and the divine."

Immediately the Cardinal turned to his secretary and said:

"Write to the priest of St. Sylvester, and tell him to admit this little one to make her first Communion tomorrow. I will communicate her myself, as I shall have to be there for the ceremony."

SELF-MASTERY

Pere de Ravignan was by nature impetuous and fiery; it was only through strenuous and repeated efforts that he attained to self-mastery.

"How did you do it?" asked a friend.

"There were two of us," he replied. "I threw one out of the window, and — I remained."

Portrait of a Nun

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

I

About two years ago news came from China that Sister Fortunata had died. Very few details of her death were made known to us here at home, — merely that she had been a victim of one of those many mysterious outbreaks of terrible fevers and diseases so common during those troublous times of famine and persecution. But as the months went by, the picture of her life and death was built up bit by bit until it is now almost complete.

Really, to paint that picture is a task for a novelist, and some day it may be done. What I intend to do in this short account is to give merely some sectional views of her life, as I have learned of it from her letters, from her own papers and books, and from her relatives and friends.

II

To her parents and family, to all who knew her, Martha was just an ordinary girl who found life a pleasant thing. She did all things not excellently, but easily. She found it easy to go to school and to learn, but she was never brilliant; easy to pray and to be good, but no one thought of her as pious; easy to do all her tasks and be faithful to duty, and still have enough time for fun and pleasure. She made no unusual impressions on others. She was an ordinary girl.

A friend of hers said to me: "There are just two things that I remember about Martha as a girl. She was beautiful in an unusual way. It was the beauty of simplicity. She was beautiful in her unaffected way of acting; she was beautiful in appearance. But I know that she never did anything deliberately to add to the beauty that was hers. The other thing is, — how shall I say it? — Martha always made up her own mind."

"She always made up her own mind." That sums up her life from beginning to end. I do not mean that she was headstrong; not that she did not seek counsel and advice. But she never drifted with the popular current. Though one of the crowd, she knew when to abandon the principles and tendencies of the crowd.

And so it was that her interior life was anything but ordinary. No

one knew of the minutes and hours and days she spent in "just thinking things over." These thoughts and the decisions which she made were recorded faithfully by her in a number of cheap, paper-covered books from the time she entered high school. From these writings, which were sent back to her parents after her death, we learn it all.

There is a remarkable entry in one of her books, written on the evening of the day of her graduation from high school: "Well, the party is over! How many more will there be? Why am I always so bored at these affairs? They seem to be cut and fashioned according to a worn-out old pattern. Everybody seems to feel it, and every girl tries so hard to have her party different from the others. In a way it's manufactured fun . . . artificial . . . strained . . . just form. But perhaps that is just my own way of looking at things. The others seem to enjoy it all. But I wonder!"

Then she continues: "I was tearing my heart out tonight — smiling, bowing, being gracious, accepting gifts and congratulations, and giving thanks. I wanted to be alone, or at least just with the family. And all the fuss and the worry and the grand affair itself — when it's over, it's over! Just a bouquet of withered flowers to hold in the hand of memory! Tomorrow I shall tell mother and dad of my resolution to be a nun. What a time to be making such a resolution final! And, after all, what a strange resolution for me to take! I want to be free; to do as I like; to come and go when I will. I want to please myself. And, God help me, there exactly is the awful, the terrible danger. Perhaps that is just why I have this inclination to take myself away from everyone and everything, — an inclination I cannot explain. I, as I am, why should I want to tie myself down; to surrender my own will and my freedom; to give up everything? Can this be a vocation? I don't know. But I'm going to find out, and God will help me."

She had made up her mind.

III

In August of that year Martha entered the convent. Everything happened rather quickly and yet everything was done smoothly. Outwardly there was no change in Martha; she was her natural, ordinary self, going out with her friends, entertaining, and attending all the parties her friends arranged. But each party and event was ticked off in her book. Finally she could write, "The last party is over. Tomorrow I leave!"

To anyone who does not fully understand the way of God with a soul it must seem strange that, in her writings, she did not make more mention of spiritual things, prayer, and penance. She herself remarked: "Perhaps it would be surprising to others to discover how utterly lacking I am in all spiritual feeling. I can't go into transports; I feel no thrills emotionally at the idea of being a nun. Only this I do know, that I am convinced beyond all doubt that it is what God intends for me. If He had treated me otherwise, perhaps I should not have responded. Perhaps later on this way of God with me will change."

In the retirement of the novitiate, when she was being trained in the spiritual life, when she took part in the common prayers, when she spent all her days in conscientiously trying to live for God and for her soul alone, the change came. Spiritual feeling and consolation and contentment were drawn over her gradually as an enveloping garment.

"I had no idea," she wrote, "that life away from the world, life in a convent, life according to set rules could be like this. Not a worry, not a care, except to become better day by day. Still, it is not easy. My will seems just as strongly independent as ever. But now it seems failure whenever I give in to it in the least, and there is sadness; but only success and a quiet peace when I overcome myself. I know God is doing this; for before this there was always a sort of resentment in my heart when I had to bow to others. I wonder if this peace and happiness will last."

IV

What a change the next four years brought to her!

The feeling of spiritual joy and consolation which God so often sends to those who set out to follow a higher way had done its work of establishing her firmly in her way of life, and then, slowly, day by day, it was withdrawn.

We read: "Oh, how I thank God that I did not build only on feeling! Where would I be now? No consolation is mine; no joy from God; almost no hope! Temptations to discouragement and temptations against faith!

"Even the smallest thing tries me terribly. The weather, — it seems never right. My sisters in this convent! I never did expect them to be angels in the flesh. It seems that at first I did not notice their little faults and failings; now their least imperfection grates on me. Why should it? I know now how human I still am and how full of faults.

They are just as human as I. All of us must keep on trying until the end. But now I really know what it means to try."

There are other lines before these, telling how she destroyed the few souvenirs of her life at home; little things without meaning or value in themselves, but cherished for the sake of sweet memory. That was when she found it almost impossible to overcome the temptation to leave the convent. Strangely enough, the temptation vanished.

How amusing and almost surprising to read her reflections and comments on other things! Her work; the events and affairs of the world, not as one interested in them, but as a casual observer; the problems and troubles of her family at home. All of it sums up into a real philosophy of life. Quite frequently she wrote of her ideas and impressions in relation to the changing styles and fashions of dress; but every time she concluded: "Oh, God! I thank you for still being able, by your grace, to kiss my religious habit with sincere love."

For three years her life was nothing else than just one day after another. Nothing attracted her, nothing buoyed her up, except her faith and her determination to trust in God to set things right somehow.

"God has a purpose in this," she wrote, "and I feel He is leading me this way to prepare me for some great sacrifice. Oh, that I may not fail when He asks it!"

She was not wrong. God asked for the sacrifice. She was not wanting when the test came.

V

With three other nuns she was sent to the foreign missions in China. Her mission was far in the interior of that country. She knew what to expect.

"I do not know what to think of this change," was her comment. "At first it seemed to me like adding trouble to trouble. I know there are many other sisters more worthy, more spiritually prepared, more capable. They would succeed much better than I in the work that must be done, in adapting themselves to conditions in that strange land. Only this I know, — it is without the least self-deception that I can say I am most willing to go. No one in the world could have induced me to go where I am going. But now God has asked me. I don't know why. But since it is He that asks, I am going. There can be no other reason."

She spent just a little more than a year in China before her death, and it was a year of supreme happiness. Despite the strangeness of surroundings, people, food, language, and customs, she felt perfectly at home from the very first day. Of course, this was most unusual. She herself could not understand it.

"I don't know why I should feel so strangely accustomed to this place; to feel as though I had spent years here a long time ago. Why does this work appeal to me so intensely? At home when I had but one kind of work, I grew weary and discouraged so often. Now I am nurse, doctor, teacher, and guardian of orphans, and all at the same time. I really enjoy it, and I cannot afford to waste a moment. There is so much to be done, and there are so few to do it. It may sound selfish of me to say it, but since life for God and for souls, since life in this place can be like this, I am willing to go on with it forever. The consolation and happiness I feel, — oh, I try not to make them the motives of my being and living and working. I know from the past that they are not the foundation of my life. But now, even though I do not ask for it, do not expect it, even though I looked only for difficulties, for trials, and for hardships, and for absolute desolation, God gives me such contentment that I almost grow afraid. But He knows the reason for it, and I can only stand humbly with empty hands and take what He gives."

Her sisters in the convent give evidence that she was almost super-human in her work. Again and again they remonstrated with her; tried to check her. For they saw that she was overtaxing herself, that her strength began to fail; and they could not afford to lose her.

"But," she would answer, "I have so much to make up for, and the time for work may soon be over."

Then came the time of trouble: the raids and plunderings by bandits; the famine; the petty revolutions of the district; disease, fever, and death. That whole section of the country trembled with fear and expectation of what threatened.

VI

One morning a messenger came to the convent and reported that an orphanage and girls' school in charge of another community of sisters was in terrible distress. Even then more than twenty of the children and three of the seven sisters had died of a strange plague-like fever. Almost all the others had been attacked by the sickness, and there was

no one to nurse them and direct affairs. Could the sisters here offer help?

Mother Frances, without hesitation, called her community together, quickly explained the matter, and continued: "Our sisters are in suffering and need. Some of you must go to help. I shall send three of you. Who will go?"

Sister Fortunata was the first to step forward. She could have said to herself: These people will die anyway, and those who go will share their fate before the disease is checked. There are others here who could be spared much more easily than I. Why sacrifice someone who is needed? Why should I give up my life? Why should I go when I am so happy here with a long life of service for God stretching before me? Are not some of the others more prepared to die? But she was not afraid. Her thoughts could have raced around the globe, to parents and to loved ones at home. But perhaps she was thinking of eternity.

"Mother," she asked breathlessly, "shall I have time to put on a clean apron before I go?"

A MOTHER'S EXAMPLE

A mother had been sick for a whole week. Her second oldest child, a little girl of eight, came to her one evening and said: "Mother, I heard some people talking about you and they said that you were very patient."

"Why shouldn't I be patient?" asked the mother. "I find no reason for impatience. See that crucifix over there; that teaches me that the Son of God suffered far more than I, a sinner, can ever suffer."

Some time after this the mother had completely recovered from her illness and was about the house again engaged in her regular duties. Her little daughter began to fail and before long was bedridden. Her heart was affected and the future had a rather dark aspect for her.

The child bore her suffering with astonishing fortitude. One day one of her aunts came to visit her. Wondering at the cheerful and happy patience with which the child suffered, the aunt said: "You are a very good and patient child, my dear. Where did you learn so much patience?"

"Why shouldn't I be patient?" came the answer. "Our dear Lord has suffered much more than I although He committed no sin."

What a comfort it must have been to the mother of this little girl! The child had repeated her very words.

What of the Catholic Press?

A LOOK AT THE RECORD

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

There is not wanting frequent and destructive criticism of Catholic publications — whether newspapers or magazines. A familiar phrase is — there are too many Catholic publications; they overlap; they flood the market. One look at the actual record disposes, at least, of criticism of this nature.

What do you know about the Catholic Press? How far reaching is its influence and what are its possibilities? February has been designated as Catholic Press month by the American hierarchy, that measures may be taken to acquaint Catholics with what is being done and what can be done in this

important sphere of Catholic Action. Let's take a look at the record.

Do you know that, according to the Catholic Press Directory, published in 1932 by Mr. J. H. Meier, Secretary of the Catholic Press Association, there were in the United States in that year 64 diocesan weekly newspapers, with a combined circulation of 912,707? None of these papers suspended publication in 1933, despite unfavorable economic conditions, and two new papers were established. Besides these 64 diocesan weeklies, there were two national Catholic weeklies and one national Catholic daily paper in the United States, whose combined circulation was 639,040. This means that Catholic newspapers reached a total of 1,551,747 subscribing Catholics in that year. Since the total Catholic population of the United States is something over 20,000,000, it is clear that a Catholic newspaper reached in 1932 about one out of thirteen Catholics. While discount may be made for the fact that papers were read by others than subscribers, and also for the fact that children are included in the general population figure, nevertheless the average of one to thirteen is low.

To realize this, compare, if you will, the Catholic paper circulation average with that of the secular dailies. I take only the daily papers, morning and evening, though inclusion of the weeklies would considerably intensify the contrast. According to Ayer's Guide to Publications printed in the United States and Canada, the circulation of daily papers in the United States, somewhat over 2,000 in number, amounted to 38,862,000 in 1933. Since the total population of the country is a little more than 122,000,000, it is clear that about one out of three persons

is a subscriber to a secular daily paper. This represents an average which, of course, might be modified by various considerations. Still the ratio stands: one Catholic paper to thirteen Catholics; one secular daily paper to three of the general public.

The influence of Catholic papers is great, but until this average of Catholic readers is raised, there is ample room for spread.

* * *

The content of the Catholic newspaper is such that it should be of as much interest to the Catholic as the daily newspaper to the average citizen — more so to all who understand the evils inherent in the general run of the secular press. In Washington, D. C., are located the headquarters of the N.C.W.C. News Service, an agency which gathers Catholic news from all over the world and distributes it to the Catholic papers throughout the country. This News Service has representatives in almost every large foreign center, as well as throughout the United States. Reports are sent in to the central bureau by cable, telephone, telegraph, and news-letter; there they are prepared and forwarded by telegraph or mail to all the subscribing newspapers. Once a week and sometimes oftener, these reports are sent out, together with pictures and a wide variety of feature material. Year by year the service is being enlarged and perfected, and through it subscribers to Catholic newspapers obtain authentic information of world-wide Catholic events, as well as unbiassed, scholarly interpretations of secular happenings and movements.

During 1933 the N.C.W.C. News Service accomplished noteworthy results. It was a year filled with important "breaks" in Catholic news; and on such topics as Papal letters, the Holy Year, beatification and canonization processes, pilgrimages, appointment of new Cardinals, Apostolic Delegates, Archbishops and Bishops, events in Germany, Spain, Mexico, Catholic Education in financial straits, Catholic efforts for social justice, the new administration at work and the NRA, it supplied its subscribing papers with first hand, authentic information. Added to this news-reporting, were sermons, speeches, interviews, personality notes, etc., without which it would have been far more difficult for lay-Catholics to form an intelligent opinion on events of the hour.

It is strange, in the face of these facts, that Catholic papers reach only an average of one to thirteen of the Catholic population. Stranger

still when we realize that in Switzerland, for example, where there are only 250,000 Catholics, there are 20 daily Catholic papers (one with two daily editions) which have a combined circulation of over 200,000. This means that in Switzerland the Catholic people give almost 100% cooperation to the Catholic Press. In Holland likewise, where Catholics form hardly more than a third of the population, there are more than 20 Catholic daily papers, reaching nearly 100% of the Catholic population. In Germany and Spain there are many Catholic dailies with large circulations. In Chile there are 28 Catholic dailies, which, together with other Catholic publications, reach about 30,000,000 subscribers,—and that in a country that boasts not 5,000,000 population.

Yet in the United States we have one Catholic daily, with a comparatively small and precarious circulation. The rest of the Catholic papers are weekly, and together with the one daily are supported by 7% of the Catholic population. There is 93% room for expansion.

* * *

It is often said that there are too many Catholic magazines in the country. They should combine and eliminate, concentrate and improve. Too many missionary magazines; they should be suppressed. At times even members of the clergy express themselves in more or less disfavor of the Catholic periodical press.

Let's take another look at the record. According to the 1932 statistics, there were 51 Catholic monthly magazines—literary, devotional, or missionary in purpose—circulating among 2,700,866 subscribers. Thus, almost twice as many Catholics receive Catholic literature once a month as do once a week or oftener; or, one out of seven Catholics—about 14% of the Catholic population in the aggregate. Five Catholic reviews may be added to this, including one weekly magazine; but their combined circulation in 1932 was only about 84,711—a total figure which is far surpassed by many secular magazines taken singly.

Over and above these magazines and reviews, there were 102 special Catholic publications in the country in 1932; e.g. clergy reviews, educational journals, juvenile publications, semi-monthlies, bi-monthlies, quarterlies, bulletins, annuals, etc.—with a total circulation of 1,890,559. The combined circulation, therefore, of all Catholic periodicals of whatever nature, is 4,676,136—less than one-fourth of the whole Catholic population.

Compare the number with the secular field. According to Ayer's

Guide for 1933, there are in the United States 12,284 newspapers, 2,645 trade journals, and 2,579 general publications — a total of 17,508 publications. About 157 of those listed in Ayer's are Catholic publications; by subtracting these we learn that there are 17,451 secular publications alone. The total number of Catholic publications (as in the Directory of 1932) is 310, which figure includes papers, magazines and special periodicals of every type. The result shows that for each Catholic publication there are some 56 publications of a secular nature. Catholics form about one-sixth of the total population of the country, and they support about one fifty-sixth of the publications of the land. Even though these are written especially for them and written for the purpose of offsetting the evil effects of a secular press that is often pagan, unhealthy, biassed and harmful, their support comes from far less than half of the Catholic population, because their total circulation is estimated at a little more than 7,108,456. Too many Catholic publications? Each one now in the field has the burden of offsetting 56 secular publications, and all of them together do not yet reach half the Catholic population.

* * *

It is, of course, fully realized that figures of this nature do not give a complete picture of the situation. There are innumerable circumstances that affect every deduction, and the figures themselves are open to various interpretations. Nevertheless they do carry considerable force and meaning on their very face; sufficient at least to refute sophomoric generalizations to the effect that there are too many Catholic publications.

FAILURE

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the Legislature in Illinois, and was defeated. He next entered business, failed, and was seventeen years paying his debts.

He was engaged to a beautiful young lady, — she died. Entering politics again, he ran for Congress, and was again defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment in the United States Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate, and was badly defeated.

He ran for vice president and was once more defeated.

When you think of your hard luck, think of Lincoln.

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XXIX

In the old "Gatine" section of France, in a little town of about 1600 peoples, Verruyes, about 200 miles southeast of Paris and some 70 miles from the Bay of Biscay, a lad lived out a life of some ten years. He is not famed for anything striking in the usual sense of the word, and perhaps after some have read this little sketch they may wonder why I should include it in the series at all. But Andrew was a likeable little fellow, who somehow or other realized very vividly the true meaning of life. Some years ago, Father Victor Marmoiton, S.J., was asked by some members of the Children's Eucharistic Crusade to give them some little sketches of boys and girls who had lived in the same conditions as they were then living, but had nevertheless led saintly lives. He responded with several short sketches, of which the present subject is one.

ANDREW MOREAU, 1915-26

The lad was born during the Great War, April 26, 1915, while his father was at the Front. But seven months later, Mr. Moreau had leave of absence and came home to see the family. The mother dressed the child in white and blue, Our Lady's colors, because she had dedicated him to the Mother of God with the hope that he would never lose his baptismal innocence. Both parents were fervent Christians and gave the child a very careful religious education. The first word he pronounced was the sacred Name under the guise of "Beyu"; the name of Mary also became an early familiar. He loved to hear the carillon sound the *Angelus* and when the bells summoned the faithful to Mass he would clap his hands together keeping time by pronouncing the name of "Beyu." He had the Hail Mary and the Our Father soon by heart and was remarkable for his solid attention when at prayer; nothing seemed able to distract him.

HE WRITES A BOOK

When two years old, Andrew had the happiness to welcome a little brother, Jean. The senior member became quite interested in the junior

addition and took an active hand in his religious education. It was a charming sight to see Andrew endeavor to mould the baby hands to a position of prayer and repeat endlessly "Good Jesus; good Jesus" until it was duplicated by the little one in sounds that only deepest affection could identify. Later on he instructed him about obedience and tried to inject an abhorrence for even the slightest sin. When anything out of the way happened, the accusations came thick and fast: "You've done a sin, Jean — You've done a sin! The good Jesus will be displeased!" and their child would had to stand still until an act of contrition healed up the matter. Andrew had a very delicate conscience, which his parents sought to preserve and educate. He it was who gave warning that they were getting near Mass time on Sunday; he kept the household informed about the Easter time. And as we are told, nobody could resist the little tyrant.

His father has told us that all that pertained to religion interested the boy very much. When he learned to write he began to compose his own little prayerbook. He copied into a little notebook (with laborious industry) a selection of prayers which he ordinarily used. Nor did length ever daunt him, as for instance, when he transcribed the entire Litany of the Holy Name into his notebook. This book he carried with him wherever he went and when he had time on his hands, he would be found with the booklet in his hands. At this time too, his writing letters to Jesus began. His handwriting was not of the best, but in things of this sort, the heart's affection supplies defects of hand. His parents never read these letters for they thought it might be imprudent, and the boy never revealed what they contained. If they were known, we would doubtless have some instructive traits of character. Andrew, however, was not of the advertising type of lad, and later on his parents would never have known of his successes at school if others had not spoken of them. So too in his interior life, he kept his own counsel and revealed his soul only to his confessor.

Andrew was small and delicate for his age, with large blue eyes and a mass of blond rebellious hair. There was an air of religious seriousness about the lad, which, however, did not by any means prevent him from being gay and joyful at all times. He also was known to have had a definite dash of the tease in his make-up, which those at home knew to their cost. Later he made this trait good material for sacrifice. He was energetic and had very good talent for study.

CRUSADER

Andrew made His First Holy Communion at the age of eight on June 9, 1923. It was preceded by a long preparation under the guidance of a pious lady. He was delighted the day he successfully underwent the required examination, and immediately began to prepare himself for his confession. "This is a big affair," he confided to his mother, and the evening he returned from the church, he sat down in a corner, hardly daring to move from it for fear there would be some slight sin he might commit before the great day.

When the lad was selected for a mass-server, he was overjoyed. To serve the priest at Mass was a real happiness for him, and the good Cure testified to the lad's remarkable attention to details. He regularly received Holy Communion once a month and on feast days, more frequent Communion being at the time difficult because of distance and condition of the roads. If, however, he went to Communion on a school day it meant that he had to go right to school from the Church and content himself with nibbling at a crust of bread for his breakfast. This was not allowed to happen too often because of the condition of his health.

Shortly after his first Communion, the boy joined the Children's Eucharistic Crusade, that marvellous organization that has produced so much good among French children. Andrew realized what is demanded of a Crusader and put to use his Communions and his acts of self-conquest. Little sacrifices began to accumulate. The little tease curbed his tendency although he lost none of his habitual good spirits. He had when very young a bit of sulkiness in his nature, but now he made it a practice to beg pardon for every demonstration of temper. Although he was never guilty of any serious disobedience, he at times, especially when at play would forget himself for the moment and not come when called. One day he paid dearly for such conduct. One evening after school he was playing hide and seek with his playmates, when his grandfather noticing that it was getting dark told him to come in.

"I will come all right," came the quick answer, "but not just yet."

A few moments later a large piece of coal thrown by another boy struck Andrew full in the face, and caused one eye to swell badly. He came in crying. His father who had observed all, looked down at the child and said quietly:

"See, Andrew, how God punished your disobedience and your rude answer!"

The boy was humiliated and sorry, but said nothing. It never happened again.

SACRIFICES

Every effort was made to make the boy abhor the least shadow of falsehood. He learned the lesson so well that he was never heard to tell a lie, and was careful to correct himself if he made the least exaggeration.

He had a real passion for doing his duty well. He realized that the greatest sacrifice of any man is to do everything as perfectly as possible. He was not accessible to pride and there seemed to be no vanity in him. He had the unusual happiness of being popular at school and arousing no jealousy.

But the spirit of sacrifice had become very deep in this child's life. Each month he gave in his "Little Bulletin," which every Crusader used to mark up his prayers, Masses, Communions, sacrifices, acts of zeal, duties performed, lessons learned and so on. He was positively ingenious in making sacrifices. His favorite way was to deprive himself of some sweets that he liked, and his father used to notice how the lad would eat certain things for which he had no taste, such as cabbage, turnip or carrot soup, and the ever-present cod liver oil. In the fruit season, when he would gather fruit with the boys, he would moderate his sacrifices somewhat and the marks of the peaches and cherries, strawberries and blackberries were upon his cheeks. Although never very strong, he did many little chores about the house, such as washing dishes, setting the table, hauling wood, for such meant additional marks behind the item "Duties performed"

"VISITING JESUS"

On May 4, 1926, he received the sacrament of Confirmation, and on June 13 he received his solemn Communion. The little church of Verruyes was crowded and those who saw him returning from the Holy Table are at one in stating "I've never yet seen him so bright and joyful" and "He was transfigured with goodness and a picture of perfect peace."

Although Andrew rarely revealed what was going on within him, little indications did now and then occur. One of these indications was his great love and serious reading of that fine French periodical for

Mass-servers "Sanctuaire." He was fascinated by its beautiful stories and examples, which increased his love for the Liturgy in all its forms.

Being a Crusader, love for the Blessed Sacrament was his distinctive mark. He visited the Church whenever he could. Coming home late one Holy Thursday evening, his parents asked him anxiously where he had been all this time. "Visiting Jesus" was the simple reply. Often he lead his playmates to the church and said two decades of the rosary. Two decades was the amount unanimously agreed upon.

Love for the cross, the emblem of all Crusaders, marked Andrew quited distinctly. This manifested itself in rather peculiar ways. On the way to Church the road lay past a wayside cross. Andrew never passed it without a respectful salutation. He had his pockets filled with little crosses he had received as souvenirs. When older, he loved to fashion crosses from hazel or willow branches which he cut along the stream or the road. These crosses he would then set up along the road and along the different walls or give them to his playmates as souvenirs.

CANDLES AT DAWN

One would imagine that a lad as religious as Andrew would early manifest some inclination to the priesthood. But no one, save the confessor, knew really what the thoughts of the lad were. When returning from Mass with his mother, he would ask endless questions about the liturgy and the priesthood, and at home he would have the usual child Masses with festive singing and processions. His father, of course, desired nothing more than that his Andrew should one day officiate at the altar.

"You will one day be a priest, Andrew," he would say to him. But the lad smiled happily and said nothing.

As a matter of fact, the good Cure alone knew how the boy felt about it, and later stated: "I counted upon his being a priest one day but God has judged otherwise. He became an angel of God's paradise."

And so it turned out to be. Andrew never ascended the altar, for the court of heaven wanted a page. And it came like a bolt from the blue. Before anyone realized what had really happened, a flower was missing from the garden.

The lad was happy and gay as usual until one day he was stricken with an agonizing pain. At first it was not deemed serious, but despite everything that could be done, a sort of peritonitis must have set in, for on November 21, 1926, the lad went to God. His biographer tells the

story in less than a dozen lines; no details, no intimate scenes, no last words. Doubtless the affection of devoted parents has enshrined the final memories in their own breasts, fearing that, as with all perfumed things, some of the fragrance would be lost by exposure to the world.

Thus in a trice, like the snuffing out of a candle, Andrew ceased to be among us. How beautifully simple had been his decade of years! We look in vain for the dramatic and the flamboyant, in vain for the vision and the miracle. The drama of his life was its very simplicity, the miracle his exquisite fidelity. Once more we learn from experience that true greatness may lurk near our own home—nay, does it not reach out appealingly from the very depths of the child eyes that are even now looking up into your own? What have I done—what am I doing to translate that appeal into a living reality? To gather at dawn is the harvest of God, but to work in the dawn is the privilege, and duty of all Christian parents.

THE HEART-BEAT OF CALVARY

It is reckoned that there are 350,000 Masses celebrated in the twenty-four hours of every day. At every second throughout the day and night there are four ELEVATIONS.

Think of this: four times every second, four times while your heart beats once, the Sacrifice of Calvary takes place again. Jesus Christ is offered up again to His Eternal Father to give Him supreme honor and glory, to thank Him for all His benefits, to satisfy for our sins, and to obtain all other graces and blessings.

Above the clouds, above the snows, at thirty below zero, the Sacrifice of Calvary was celebrated on Europe's loftiest peak. Subterranean caves and catacombs were hallowed by the Real Presence of the Lord of the World.

The length and breadth of this world are continually the witnesses of this greatest of miracles. As each city and town and village witnesses the rising of the sun spreading sunshine over all creation, so each in turn witnesses the Sun of Justice raised on high to spread grace and charity over mankind.

LIVING IN CHRIST

When Pope Pius X had to settle some question for which he was not prepared, he would say:

"I will think about it." Then, looking at the crucifix, he would add: "*He* will decide."

How To Organize Catholic Action In A Parish

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

These are official instructions as to how Catholic Action can be organized in parishes—official because they are based on instruction given out by the Holy Father when Catholic Action was inaugurated in Italy. Hence it is difficult to undervalue the content of this fourth article in the series.

Supposing a layman, or the assistant pastor, or the pastor himself wishes to establish Catholic Action in the parish, how should he set about it?

This article ventures to answer that question.

It is not merely the fruit of the writer's imagination, but is based on

the teaching of the Apostolic Delegate and of the Pope, especially on the teaching of the Pope as put into practice under his very eyes and by his personal direction in Italian Catholic Action. American Catholic Action may and probably will differ from Italian Catholic Action in some points; but in the development of Catholic Action in this country according to the Pope's wishes, surely it will not be amiss to look to the form it has taken when it was developed under his personal supervision. And it may be remarked that the rules laid down for the organization of Catholic Action in Germany by the German Bishops at Fulda last fall, closely follow the statutes of Italian Catholic Action, especially in the form of the organization.

The parish is the unit of Catholic Action organization. This was the point made by Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara in a recent article in the *Acolyte*; and as a matter of fact it is a fundamental point in the Papal instructions on Catholic Action and Italian Catholic Action and German Catholic Action demand in their statutes that the parish be the unit of organization.

So, supposing that a layman, or the assistant, or the pastor wishes to establish Catholic Action in the parish, how should he set about it?

Answer: First he must have an idea of the purpose and structure of Catholic Action; then he must see the Bishop; then (perhaps) he can set to work organizing.

First he should have an idea of the purpose and structure of Catholic Action. The classical definition of Catholic Action given by the Pope is: "Catholic Action is the participation of the laity in the aposto-

late of the hierarchy." It has, then, the same purpose as the hierarchy, as far as is possible for the laity. And what is that purpose? It is the purpose for which Christ chose and sent His Apostles, and for which He still chooses and sends priests and Bishops, the successors of the Apostles; namely, to teach and sanctify the world; and this is the purpose of Catholic Action — to share, as far as the laity can, in the work of priests and bishops in teaching and sanctifying the world.

But how do priests and bishops exercise this office — do this work — of teaching and sanctifying the world? They sanctify mainly by the administration of the sacraments; they teach mainly by preaching, instructing, directing. And they do not only wait for souls to come to them to be taught and sanctified; their commission from Christ is to "go forth" — to preach "to all nations" — "to every creature"; and therefore, they do their work of teaching and sanctifying also by seeking out the lost sheep, by reclaiming the fallen away, strengthening the weak, calling those outside the fold.

And how can the laity share this work? As far as the office of sanctifying is concerned, they can only do a little. They cannot administer the sacraments, except Baptism, and that only in case of urgent necessity. Still, they can pray for the salvation and sanctification of themselves and the world; they can deepen and improve the spiritual life of the parish by special study — of the liturgy, of asceticism, etc., they can promote vocations to the priesthood and the religious life.

As far as teaching is concerned, they can do a great deal. They can give catechism instructions to neglected souls; they can give information on Catholic doctrine when and where it will do much good; they can write articles, give lectures, spread Catholic literature; or they can support the foreign missions or other works of the teaching Church by material donations; — always presupposing that they have the proper training wherever necessary, and that they hold the necessary commission from the hierarchy.

In regard to the souls that must be sought — those who do not come under the direct influence of the priests — they can do still more — by prudently seeking, advising, helping the careless or the fallen away back to the Church; by going where the priest can never penetrate — into non-Catholic or anti-Catholic circles, and breaking down prejudice, correcting errors, presenting the truth about the faith.

To sum up: the work, or the purpose, of Catholic Action in a parish

is (as far as is possible for laymen) the same work, and only the work of the parish priest as parish priest in the parish. Thus it is everything that can preserve or increase the faith in the people, or that can bring the faith to people who are not Catholics; but it is nothing that is merely social, merely material, merely political.

So much for the idea of the purpose of Catholic Action that must be had by anyone who would establish it in a parish; what about the idea of the structure or organization of Catholic Action?

Catholic Action must be an organization. It is a participation in the apostolate of the hierarchy; and just as organization is essential to the hierarchy itself, so it is to the laity who participate in the hierarchy. Just as priests are organized under the Bishop — each priest as pastor or assistant in his own parish — so the laity must be organized under the Bishop and the pastor in Catholic Action.

And how are the laity to be organized in Catholic Action? In the first place it is necessary that there be an organization of individual Catholics who are at the disposal of the pastor and the lay directors of Catholic Action for any and all the work of the pastor which laymen can do; and this is Official Catholic Action; and secondly, for the sake of efficiency, of order, of harmony, it is necessary that those societies which have as their object some part of the pastor's apostolic work, such as the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Sodality of Our Lady, put themselves at the disposal of the directors of Catholic Action as far as that work is concerned: and these are Auxiliary Catholic Action.

Now, supposing that all the possible societies of the parish have put themselves at the disposal of the pastor for works of Catholic Action according to their respective constitutions, and that Official Catholic Action has been organized in the parish, who is to have charge and direction of the Catholic Action activities in the parish? Is the pastor to have the exclusive direction? No, because Catholic Action is the activity of the laity; therefore the laity, while dependent on the pastor because he connects them with the hierarchy, must have some direction of the activities. Is the direction to be exclusively in the hands of Official Catholic Action? No, because according to the Pope's wish, the societies that constitute Auxiliary Catholic Action are to go on each "preserving its own independence in its own proper sphere."

Who then is to inaugurate and direct activities which call for the cooperation not only of the members of Official Catholic Action, but

also of the members of the Sodality of Our Lady, for instance, and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul? The answer may be found in the parish organization of Catholic Action in Germany and Italy: it is that the *parish council* directs projects of a general nature in the parish; and the members of the parish council are first of all the pastor, who is the supreme director; then the president of the council, who is a layman appointed by the bishop; then the presidents of Official Catholic Action, and of all the parish societies which do any apostolic work.

With these ideas in mind about the purpose and structure of Catholic Action, the layman, assistant, or pastor is ready to take the next step in the establishment of Catholic Action in the parish, namely, to see the Bishop. The layman, of course, should also first see the pastor. If the Bishop refuses to approve the establishment of Catholic Action in the parish, the matter is finished; there will be no Catholic Action in the parish at that time. "There is nothing without the Bishop," said the Apostolic Delegate, quoting St. Ignatius.

But if the Bishop approves of the idea, or if he has already given orders for the establishment of Catholic Action in the various parishes of the diocese, then the way is at once clear for the third step—the actual organization.

In this, the work can be said to consist in four objectives: the organization of Official Catholic Action, the affiliation of other societies in Auxiliary Catholic Action; the constitution of the Parish Council, and the inauguration of what are known as "Works of Catholic Action."

The writer is aware that this is a program of vast proportions, far beyond the powers of any single individual—even the pastor—in a parish, and feels that some explanation or excuse may be justly expected of him for thus speaking of it as though it were something which could be accomplished by a mere wave of the hand. His explanation or excuse is this: that the object of this article is to present a view of Catholic Action, fully developed and functioning in a parish, just as the Papal program demands that it develop and function, and as it has developed and is functioning where the Papal program has been faithfully followed. This, of course, is not the work of any one man, but demands co-operation, tact, time, patience, and above all the help of supernatural prayer and sacrifice on the part of all concerned. The writer's reason for presenting it as a program for one individual is because that seemed the simplest, most direct, and clearest way to present a view of Catholic

Action in full bloom in a parish. Let him add that thus to bring Catholic Action to full bloom in a parish is difficult, but not impossible; the Pope wills it, God wills it; — and with God's help, it can be done.

In order to achieve the four objectives, it will be necessary first of all to acquaint the people of the parish with the purpose and structure, as well as the necessity of Catholic Action. This can be done privately by zealous individuals, but more generally will be found practicable by means of public lectures. This is the procedure followed in the establishment of Catholic Action in Italy, where lectures are given to parish groups even after the establishment of Catholic Action, and even sometimes to groups of the priests of the diocese at the direction of the Bishop. In Argentina, South America, when the Bishops decided to introduce Catholic Action, they sent two priests to Rome to make a special study of it; and they, on their return, became the teachers of their countrymen. In our own U. S. A., Bishop Griffin, of Springfield, Illinois, recently ordered a series of lectures or sermons on Catholic Action to be preached throughout his diocese.

As to the first objective, namely, the organization of Official Catholic Action in the parish, the Papal program calls for a division according to age and sex; thus Official Catholic Action will consist of four divisions: the Men's, the Women's, Young Men's, and Young Women's Divisions. Each division is to have its own officers, and its own chaplain. This office of Chaplain is not the same as that of Supreme Director of the Parish Council; the chaplain does not direct — that is in the hands of the lay officers — but only assists the organization to be true to Catholic principles, and not to stray away from the general directions given by the hierarchy. In fact, in Italy he is called "The Ecclesiastical Assistant." In small parishes, however, the pastor will probably have to be both Supreme Director of the Parish Council and Chaplain of Various divisions of Official Catholic Action.

About Auxiliary Catholic Action and the Parish Council, all that can or need be said in a short article like this has already been said.

The "Works of Catholic Action" are special committees or departments or bureaus for special needs in the parish; for instance, a Committee on Motion Pictures, on the Press, on the Rights of Labor. These may be formed according to particular needs as the general organization develops, or, if they are already existent in the parish, they may become part of the general Catholic Action organization; for example, the

Catholic Charities activities in a parish may become a "Work of Catholic Action" once the general organization of Catholic Action takes shape.

So much for the manner of organizing Catholic Action in a parish. Following upon this will come organization in the diocese and the nation; but the diocesan and national organization will be built on the parochial; and therefore, a description of Catholic Action in the parish gives a sufficiently complete idea of the purpose and structure of Catholic Action in general.

WHERE IS TRUTH?

At the beginning of Protestantism, when the principle of private interpretation of the Bible was first adopted as the basis of the so-called reformed religions, one of the texts of Sacred Scripture most disputed was that of Our Lord at the last supper, saying: "This is my body." Luther said the words meant: "With this, or under this, or in this is my body." Calvin said: "This is the image, the type of my body."

A painter of the period conceived the idea of uniting the various interpretations on canvass. In the center of his picture he represented the Savior, distributing the Sacred Bread to the Apostles and uttering the words as they are in Scripture:

"This is my body."

On the right of the picture, a little lower, Luther was pictured administering the supper to his followers, saying:

"This contains my body."

On the left, Calvin was shown engaged in the same act, with the words:

"This is the type of my body."

In the background of the picture, the artist wrote in large letters: "Which of the three speaks the truth?"

The picture, it is said, caused many conversions, reducing, as it did, the dispute to its simplest terms. But a few years later the painter could have crowded his canvass with 198 other personages; for in the time of Bellarmine there were among Protestants 200 different interpretations of the meaning of Our Lord's words: "This is my body."

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence. —*Lavater*.

Why All These Laws?

F. E. BIETER, C.Ss.R.

Continuing with the laws of the Church that deal with the Sacrament of Confirmation, the canonist here explains who can administer this Sacrament and where it is to be administered.

Canon 786 states that only the bishop is the ordinary minister of confirmation.

At first sight it might seem strange that the administration of confirma-

tion is reserved to the bishop. For confirmation seems to be a lesser sacrament than baptism. Through the laver of regeneration, original and mortal sins are remitted. The soul dead through sin is raised to supernatural life through grace and becomes a child of God. Between being and non-being, between life and death, there is an infinite difference. To this life given in baptism, confirmation adds only an accidental perfection. It therefore seems wrong that a priest should baptize, and only a bishop should confer confirmation.

It is a wise and merciful arrangement of God's Providence that not only a priest, but anyone can validly administer baptism. This is the most necessary of all the sacraments. Confirmation is not so necessary. For that very reason, no harm will result if its administration is reserved to a smaller number.

That a bishop should confirm those who have been baptized by inferior ministers is not without special fitness. Confirmation gives to the Christian his final perfection. An artist allows inferior workmen to do the rough and ordinary work. But he himself performs what requires greater skill. He gives the production the last and perfecting strokes. The bishop has received the fulness of the priesthood. He is the proper one to confer the rite which makes one regenerated a finished Christian.

Besides in sacred scripture we find that some who were not apostles administered baptism. But it was the apostles who imposed hands and imparted the plenitude of the Holy Ghost. Bishops are the successors of the apostles. It is fitting, to say the least, that they should administer the sacrament in which the fulness of the Holy Spirit is imparted.

Canon 782 continues by stating that the extraordinary minister of confirmation is the priest to whom either by common law or by apostolic indult that faculty has been granted.

From a letter of Pope Gregory the Great who died in 604 it is evident that in the Latin church there was then an old custom that only

The priest as minister of Confirmation Bishops should administer confirmation. From the same letter it is also clear that in the oriental church there was likewise an old custom that priests should confirm the newly baptized, even infants. The Pope then grants a

restricted permission to certain priests in the west to administer confirmation. There are other proofs, that both the western and the eastern discipline are very old. This is a question of practice involving doctrine. There can be no doubt that a priest who has been delegated by the Pope can administer the sacrament of confirmation. In missionary countries it frequently happens that priests are given this faculty.

The remaining paragraphs of this canon mention the priests who by virtue of law have the power to confirm. They are the cardinals who are not bishops. Then the priests who as ordinaries govern districts that resemble dioceses, be they abbots or prelates; or vicars or prefects apostolic. The canon furthermore preserves the ancient practices referred to above, both for the Latin and the Oriental churches.

Canon 783 determines that a bishop may confirm in his diocese also subjects of another diocese who present themselves, unless their ordinary expressly forbade it.

Bishops outside their diocese Of course a bishop may and must administer this sacrament to the faithful of his own diocese. Why may he also perform this rite for strangers? There is no cogent reason why a person must necessarily be confirmed by his own bishop. Moreover a visitor to a diocese may find it very convenient to receive the sacrament when an opportunity presents itself. Hence the canon expressly allows this to be done.

In the second paragraph of this canon it is stated that a bishop may not administer confirmation in another diocese unless he has the permission of the ordinary of this diocese. It is not forbidden to presume that permission. However a bishop needs no permission whatever if he wishes to confirm, in another diocese, persons who belong to his own diocese, provided he does so privately, not using mitre and crosier.

Why these restrictions? The bishop is the supreme pastor resident in the diocese. He is placed in charge of his diocese precisely to perform pastoral offices for his subjects. Therefore none should interfere with his official duties, unless he sanctions it. When the bishop confirms his

own subject in another diocese, he may not use mitre and crosier. The crosier is a shepherd's staff. For that reason each bishop uses the crosier in his own diocese.

Canon 784 similarly states that a priest who has an apostolic privilege to administer confirmation within a certain locality, may confirm outsiders within that territory unless their own ordinaries expressly forbade it.

A case in point would be, if a missionary were delegated to impart confirmation within the limits of a prefecture apostolic. He may validly confirm anyone within that district.

Canon 785 states that the bishop is obliged to confer this sacrament upon his subjects who properly and reasonably ask for it, especially when he is making a visitation of the diocese. The same applies to a priest who has been empowered to bestow this sacrament.

The canon imposes a moral obligation upon the bishop to administer confirmation throughout the diocese. Christ instituted the sacrament for a good purpose. Through divine ordinance the bishop has the power to bestow it. Were a prelate to neglect entirely to administer this sacrament, he would certainly frustrate the designs of God in an important matter.

The third paragraph of the canon enjoins that an ordinary who is legitimately impeded or who lacks the power of confirming must as far as possible see to it that this sacrament is administered to his subjects at least every five years.

The ordinary who can not himself confer confirmation upon his subjects, must see to it that the defect is supplied by another bishop. The law therefore makes sure that the faithful be not deprived of the graces of this sacrament.

The last paragraph of the canon provides that if an ordinary were gravely negligent in administering confirmation to his subjects, or in having it conferred by another, the archbishop must try to remedy the neglect. But if there be a real abuse, he should report it to the Holy See. The purpose of the law is evident. It contains a mild sanction, to make sure that the faithful will have an opportunity to receive this strength-giving sacrament.



Rashness and haste make all things insecure.—*Denham.*

He Never Knew

H. S. SMITH, C.Ss.R.

It was on one of my visits down to old St. Peter's that I saw him, and because it was such an unusual thing to see a police officer in full uniform reverently making the Way of the Cross on a Sunday afternoon, I mentioned it to my old friend and former professor, Father Raleigh, pastor of one of the poorest and most forgotten parishes along the river front.

"Who's the big policeman I saw in Church this afternoon?" I asked as we sat down to supper. "He was making the Stations."

"Did he ask you to pray for his boy?" Father Raleigh asked in return.

"Yes," I replied, "and he gave me a stipend to say a Mass for his Jimmie."

"That's Joe Walsh. He's one of the most dependable men in this district; — wife's dead — said he won't move out of the neighborhood because of Jimmie."

"What about Jimmie?" I asked.

"It's a long story," he answered; "we'd better wait till after supper."

But I didn't hear the story after supper. Father Raleigh had a sick call down in one of the shacks along the levee and I had to leave on an 8:30 train.

* * *

It was fully two months before I got back to St. Louis to see Father Raleigh again. My train arrived about nine in the morning and I hurried over immediately to St. Peter's to celebrate Mass. Father was not at home when I got there so I went directly to the sacristy and began to prepare things for Mass. I had just begun to worry about getting a server when I heard someone cough lightly behind me. I turned and saw a tall, red-faced police officer standing in the door. I recognized him immediately as Joe Walsh.

"I saw you light the candles on the altar, Father," he said, "so I thought you'd be needing a server. If you don't mind, I'll assist you."

I thanked him and began to vest. Just before we left the sacristy he leaned toward me and whispered:

"Will you remember my Jimmie in the Holy Sacrifice, Father?"

When I saw Father Raleigh later that morning I mentioned the

incident to him, and after lunch, I asked him to tell me about Officer Walsh and Jimmie. He filled the bowl of his pipe, lit it, and settled back in his old easy-chair.

"It's been fifteen years since I came to St. Peter's," he began, "and little Jimmie Walsh was in the fourth grade at the time. He was a cute little tyke, but he had the very devil in him. Poor Sister Stephen was always punishing him and sending him over to see me about some fight or devilment he had been in. But the boy was a bit spoiled. You see, the mother was a frail thing and she died when he was just a baby. Joe idolized him, gave him everything he wanted; he was more of a big brother to the boy than a father. The consequence was that Jim was a bit unruly, but at heart, he was a good boy; and he had the faith of his father in him. Jim loved to serve Mass and was always on hand when I needed him; even on the coldest mornings he would be on time for 6:30 Mass.

"The year Jim graduated I had to close the school. You see, the parish went down in a hurry; the better families had moved out and a lot of factories and warehouses were built on the sites of many of the old homes. I told Joe he ought to try to find a better place, but he said he was attached to the old neighborhood and didn't like to leave. In the fall, he sent Jim to High School with the Brothers."

"Did the Brothers change him any?" I asked.

"Not much," Father Raleigh continued, "He lasted only one year. During the next summer that thing happened that broke his father's heart."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Jim got in with a bad crowd. He was just old enough and big enough to feel important. There was a crowd of young hoodlums that hung around the Carr St. wharf and Jim joined up with them. They were always in some trouble or other. Of course, his father tried to persuade him to keep away from them and even threatened him but when Joe was walking his beat or at home sleeping after the night watch, Jimmie would be out with the crowd. Then one day he was picked up by a railroad detective in the yards and charged with stealing from a box car. It was a terrible blow for Joe. He got Jim released by pleading that the boy was led by the gang and that it was his first offense; but when he got him home, he beat the boy unmercifully, — a thing he had never done before. That was a fatal mistake. Next day

when Joe came home from work he found a note on the table. Jim had gone, no one knew where. It almost killed poor Joe. He had the trains and ferries watched, communicated with police of other cities, but no trace was ever found of Jimmie Walsh. To this day, no one knows what happened to him; no one — except myself."

Father Raleigh paused, knocked the ashes from his pipe and started to get up from his chair. Evidently that was all he was going to tell me, but my interest was aroused and I wanted to hear the rest of the story.

"Can't you tell me what finally happened to the boy?" I asked.

"I will," Father Raleigh answered, "provided you guard it as a holy secret; — at least as long as Joe Walsh is alive."

"I promise," I said.

"Well," Father Raleigh continued, "Jim's disappearance created quite a stir for a while, especially since his father was so well known and since every one realized how much he loved the boy. It changed him too. Joe became noticeably more serious. But what I remarked most was that, instead of taking to drink as some men would, Joe Walsh turned to prayer. I'd see him at Mass whenever his shift allowed it; he received Holy Communion as often as he could and almost everytime he saw me he was giving me a stipend for a Mass for his Jimmie. Gradually though, Jim's disappearance was forgotten by everyone except his father."

"Then, about two years ago, something happened which, I believe, is the strangest experience of my priestly life. I was awakened one cold morning by someone beating at the door. I found it was Mike Clancy, the night watchman at the shoe factory; he was out of breath and excited, but he managed to tell me that Joe Walsh had surprised some thieves in Borden's warehouse and they had shot him. I dressed hurriedly, took the Holy Oils, and ran over to Carr St. A police car arrived just as I did and I could hear the siren of another a few blocks away. Joe was lying on the bricks at the mouth of the alley and about twenty five yards away the form of a man was slumped against the wall of the building. I went to Joe immediately.

"Are you hurt badly, Joe?" I asked, for it was quite dark and I could not see where he was wounded.

"Not so bad, Father," he answered. They got me in the leg. You'd better look after the other fellow; I think I hit him square."

"Just then the other squad car drove up. Two officers came to help

Joe so I went to the other man. He was wounded in the chest and his shirt was soaked with blood. I noticed he was mumbling and as I listened closely, I heard the words, 'O my God.' Somehow I had the suspicion the fellow was a Catholic, though he wore no scapulars or medal. An officer came toward us and flashed his light. I explained who I was and suggested they take the man to a hospital immediately. The policeman and I carried him to the car and propped him up on the back seat. I got in next to him and the driver started the car. As yet I had not got a good look at the man but when the officer flashed the light on his face I gasped; — it was the face of Jimmie Walsh.

"Immediately a thousand thoughts rushed through my mind; Jimmie Walsh — come back again — shot by his own father — Joe must never know; but above all, I realized that if this was Jim Walsh he would want to go to confession. The officer flashed his light again; — yes, it was Jimmie, — and he was dying. I could see it; his face was white and drawn, his breath slow and heavy. I asked the officer to stop the car. The driver pulled up beside a street light and they got out.

"Jimmie," I said, "this is Father Raleigh. Do you remember? You're dying, Jim; do you want to go to confession?"

He looked at me in a long, glassy stare. Then with great effort he spoke:

"Father Raleigh — confession — yes."

And there in the cold silence I absolved and anointed little Jimmie Walsh. When I was finished he took my hand in his and squeezed it till it pained. He looked at me once more.

"Thank you, Father," he whispered, and relaxed in death.

"What about his father," I asked, "Did he ever find out it was his own son he killed?"

"No. The police found a card in his pocket saying he was Pete Harris of Montreal, Canada, but the police there could find no record of him. Joe was in the hospital for almost a month so he didn't get to see him. Ever since then, whenever Joe Walsh asks for a Mass for his Jimmie, I always make it a Requiem."

* * *

I haven't seen Father Raleigh since he told me the story, which is almost three years ago, but last week I received a letter from him telling me Joe Walsh had dropped dead in church from heart failure; — which is the reason why I can tell you this story.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE FAIREST CITY

One day there came to Philip of Macedonia a man called Demades, who was one of the chief magistrates of the city of Athens.

"I have often heard of your good city," said the king, "and I have been told that it is exceedingly beautiful."

"My lord," answered Demades, "you have been told the truth; but no one can describe the greatness and beauty of our city, except one who has seen it, and even his words could never convey to your mind what it really is."

Philip urged him to give him a description of it, and Demades gave an account of its rise and progress, and of the greatness it had reached. He spoke of the wealth of its inhabitants, and the beauty of its buildings, and the renown it had obtained for learning, and how people from all parts of the world went thither to visit it.

The king listened in silence to the account of Demades. When he had finished, he said:

"That city *must* be mine, cost what it may. I will risk everything I have to make that city mine."

There is another city which every man can make his own, of which the Lord of all has said: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what things God hath in store for them that love Him." Can any man, hearing these promises, fail to echo the words of the Macedonian King:

"That city *must* be mine."

A MARTYR'S DEATH

The recent death of a Franciscan at the hands of bandits in China reads like the stories of the martyrs of old. The scene is recorded in the *Franciscan Herald*.

The priest was shot three times while the bandits were robbing his mission. After they had escaped with all they could carry away, the sisters and a priest from a neighboring mission were called in. The dying man would not allow himself to be moved until he had received the Sacraments, nor would he allow them to remove his Franciscan habit. "I have been laid low in my Franciscan habit," he said, "and in it I want to die."

He lay in the most painful agony, but during all that day and the next he never uttered a complaint; rather he kept saying: "O good Jesus, thanks, and hearty thanks, that I may suffer with thee and for thee. If it will help promote thy honor, I am satisfied."

The sisters would have injected morphine, but he demurred: "Please," he said, "don't cheat me of the reward of suffering." But when she insisted later on, he said quite simply: "All right, if you can't bear the sight of my suffering, do as you please." But the morphine gave him no relief.

Once he said: "Only yesterday I asked our Lord while going around the Stations to let me follow Him in the Way of the Cross. And today he has shown me how to do it."

When he learned it was midnight, the 25th of March, the feast of the Annunciation, he said: "And this is the hour in which the Word was made flesh. Let us say the Angelus together. What a grace to die on her feast day and under her patronage. I have had three favors in my lifetime, and three red-letter days; the day of my vows, the day I was ordained, and now today, the day of my death, the best and happiest of them all. O Good Brother, Death, I have longed for you so much, and preached about you so much, and now that you are here at last, how happy I am, happier even than on the day of my solemn vows."

Of his murderers he said: "Jesus, forgive them as thou hast pardoned my sins. I am suffering this for their sake." He sought to console those at his bedside with the assurance: "God does not need me for the mission. On the contrary, the mission needs such things as this to make it prosper. I will ask God to send other missionaries in my place. I am offering my pains for the mission, as well as for my country back home, that they may remain true to our holy Faith."

Toward the end he said to the priest at his side: "Give me your hand, Father, and let me once more kiss the hand of a priest before I die." He was conscious to the last, dying while saying the words: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I put my trust in thee."

The martyr's name was Father Othmar Stimpfli, O.F.M., who had entered the Chinese mission of the Tyrolese Franciscans in 1921.



God is a law to men of sense; but pleasure is a law to the fool.—
Plato.

Pointed Paragraphs

HAPPY LENTEN DAYS!

Men greet one another with a merry wish at Christmas time. They invoke success and prosperity on friends and acquaintances at New Year's. They ask happiness and blessings for one and all at Easter.

We sometimes think, in all seriousness, that it would be an excellent thing if we had a custom of extending some kind of a wish to one another at the opening of the season of Lent. We might say: "Happy Lenten days!" to one another; or "A Prosperous Lenten season!" or simply "A blessed Lent!" These expressions would embody a token of our friendship as well as a wish for the best things in life for our friends.

After all, Lent may be described as a special opportunity for finding happiness: for saving our souls from sin and its dangers; for ridding ourselves of selfishness and individualism, the causes of so many of our troubles; for learning the art of loving our neighbor and thus helping to heal all the woes of the world; above all, for learning to love God truly — which means happiness without the need of any other blessed thing. Surely the wish that these things come to our neighbor during the Lenten season is a worthy one.

There are those, no doubt, who would think us ironic, were we to greet them with the words "Happy Lenten Days!" on Ash Wednesday morn. "What!" they would say, "Happy days in the midst of penance, fasting, prayer, sorrow? Impossible!" How little they know where happiness lies.

Others there are, we are sure, who would be grateful for the wish and would return it. For in them it would awaken the vision of God's love smiling upon them, His peace enveloping them, and His promises beckoning like a star.

Lent, beginning soon, has all these things to bring you, if you use it well. So we say to you:

"Happy Lenten Days!"

FALSE EUGENICS

Hitler has inaugurated sterilization of the unfit in Germany that will affect the lives of 400,000. England is now proposing a similariar

law that may affect 300,000. Some states of America have legalized the practice in one form or another, and there are not wanting propagandists who would make it national.

The purpose of sterilization is to prevent by physical means the propagation of children on the part of those who are mentally defective. It grows out of the so-called science of eugenics, whose object is "better human beings."

The Holy Father, in his Encyclical on Marriage, makes the Catholic position clear in this matter of so-called eugenics by surgical means:

"Public magistrates," he says, "have no direct power over the bodies of their subjects, therefore, when no crime has taken place and there is no cause present for grave punishment, they can never directly harm, or tamper with the integrity of the body, either for the reason of eugenics or for any other reason. . . ."

"Furthermore, Christian doctrine establishes, and the light of human reason makes it most clear, that private individuals have no other power over the members of their bodies than that which pertains to their natural ends; and they are not free to destroy or mutilate their members, or in any other way render themselves unfit for their natural functions, except when no other provision can be made for the health of the whole body."

As is always the case, true science brings confirmation of this principle of the natural moral law. In the *Linacre Quarterly* for December, 1933, the official publication of the Federated Catholic Physicians' Guild, Dr. Alexander Fraser gives the answer of biology to proposed measures of Eugenics. He shows that if science could grant the most favorable possible conditions, even if it could eliminate every circumstance that would vary the result — it would require about 68 generations, or from two to three thousand years, to decrease the number of feeble-minded from one per thousand to one per ten thousand through the means proposed.

But science cannot make provision for even this small result. It could only do so if the biological characteristics, which in prospective parents would produce feeble-mindedness in children, were known. But they are so little known that the true causes of feeble-mindedness in most cases is a mystery of nature.

Further still, says the eminent physician, "even if we could by means of some happy discovery, detect all the hidden defective genes in the

race, and by some happy method get rid of them all, we have abundant evidence that they are being manufactured in normal individuals perhaps as fast as we could possibly get rid of them."

Pushed to its logical ends, eugenics by sterilization would be a new and expedite form of race suicide.

PROGRESS OF NRA

A pessimistic article appears in the January *Harper's* pointing out the failure of the NRA to change conditions, except nominally, in many localities. The author, George R. Leighton, claims that his conclusions are the result of a trip made through four states for the purpose of gathering information.

The codes, he says, are generally being violated, ignored, and evaded. The intent to raise wages is being defeated, and the "speed-up" or application of pressure is being used to get the most for the least from workers. Wages set as a minimum by codes are fast tending to become the maximum. The provisions for collective bargaining and independent organization on the part of workers—as opposed to company-unions—are for the most part either ignored or quietly hamstrung.

Worse than all this is the fact that NRA local officials are lax and ineffectual, and either afraid of the employer or entirely out of sympathy with the worker. The total result is that workers themselves have no recourse and must be silent about their condition lest they lose what work they have.

It is a melancholy picture, drawn by this observer, though he grants that "at rare intervals" cases of honest observance of the spirit and letter of the codes are to be found.

Now it is just this failure of the NRA program to reach into the conscience of many of the barons of business that is being made an argument against it. Senator Borah and his republican radicals, together with the regular republicans in the Senate are at this time drawing the picture with all its excruciating details, to arouse opposition against the President and all his works.

There is no need to be unduly exercised over the defects of a plan so extensive in scope, so opposed to invested interests and so reversive of the ancient philosophy "dog eat dog" in the scramble for economic power. The President and his advisers have an objective that all disinterested parties approve; they have accepted leadership in the plan-

ning of business and industry to attain that objective. To date their plan is the only one we have, and it is working. To reject that plan is to revert to a discredited system, and to forget the bitter lesson taught by the unparalleled economic collapse of 1929-33.

"3-C CLUBS"

An organization for Catholic students in public high schools has been introduced into the diocese of New York, one that promises to take care of a gap in the Catholic training of many students that has been quite widely neglected.

The organization is to be formed of what will be known as "3-C Clubs"—the three C's standing for Catholic, Character, Cooperation. Similar clubs for Catholic students of public high schools existed in New York for some years, but this is a new name and a reorganization.

"Catholic" in the name gives the religious significance; "Character" gives the educational, and "Cooperation" the civic. Hence the purpose of the clubs is to inculcate religious knowledge and principle and offset wrong impressions and false knowledge gained from the non-sectarian education of the high school; to assist the development of character by the imitation of Christ, and to enlist the members in cooperation towards civic ideals.

"This is not," said the Rev. J. J. Cleary, diocesan director, in a radio talk over the Paulist Station in New York, announcing the new organization of the public, "a movement to bring sectarian instruction into the high schools; nor is it a secret organization nor fraternity nor sorority. It is a religious organization whose purpose is to inculcate religious principles and to encourage compliance with religious convictions."

The movement deserves to be followed in other cities and dioceses of the land.

HISTORICAL FALSEHOOD

In the *Congressional Record* of the United States, under date of February 21, 1927, there is the following statement:

"In view of the fact that a Roman Catholic tried to kill ex-President Roosevelt and that three presidents of the United States have been killed by Roman Catholics, I am going to make this statement on the floor of the Senate: if anything happens to me, I want what has been written to me from Alabama, Maryland, Texas, and South Carolina to be carried out."

The author of these words would probably be recognized unnamed by the majority of Americans. It was Thomas Heflin of Alabama.

Despite the general tendency merely to laugh at the accusations of this self-styled enemy of the Catholic Church, there is a serious side involving historical truth in the charges thus made. They are incorporated now in the Congressional Record, where later generations might read them and believe; moreover, it is likely that the Senator did not entirely make up the charges, but merely took them over from a tradition that persists in certain parts of the country.

For these reasons, Nancy McNeir Ring has prepared two articles for *Mid-America*, an historical review giving documentary and historical evidence that proves conclusively that none of the three presidential assassins, Booth, Guiteau, and Czolgosz, were Catholics, and that religion in no way entered into the crime of John Schrank in attempting to take the life of former President Roosevelt while he was a candidate for office.

It is slanderous and unfounded traditions such as that glibly passed on by Heflin that account for much of the bigotry in the land.

THE "POOR" CATHOLIC

I am one of a family of eight — a family of average means.

Do I feel cheated? Would it not have been wiser for my parents to have restricted their family and center their affection and their money on me?

I laugh at the question.

I have hung my stockings with seven other pairs from the mantel. I have watched cooky dough magically change into bears and lions for hungry little children. I have been doorkeeper at our barn when the famous circuses and plays presented by the "Bourneses" drew the neighborhood gang.

I have run about trailed by small brothers and sister, barefooted and gloriously dirty, while the onliest child next door, starched and belippered, looked on enviously.

I have smelled and tasted great loaves of home-made bread, big kettles of steaming soup, and fat squares of ginger-bread.

I am glad I was sent to live with my family. And Mother, happy and proud of her family, is glad all eight of us were sent to her.

— *Lucy Bourne in the American Magazine.*

✠-----LIGUORIANA-----✠

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

THE LOVE OF GOD

If, during prayer and meditation, you find your soul enveloped in dryness and obscurity, so that it seems you are incapable of making any good prayers, it will be enough if you say: My Jesus, mercy; Lord, please help me. At such times these prayers will be perhaps the most useful and profitable you could make. . . . But never give up prayer or meditation on account of dryness of soul. If at times it becomes very hard to bear, at least divide up the time of prayer, and spend it mostly in making acts of petition for graces, even though it seems to you you are praying without confidence and without fruit. And whenever you go to prayer, take as your object not your own satisfaction and pleasure, but only God's pleasure and the knowledge of His holy Will: this is all we should look for in prayer and meditation, namely, to get light to know and strength to do that which the Lord wants us to do.

TRUST

In temptations, trust not to yourself, nor to all the good resolutions and promises you have made; but rely solely on the divine assistance. . . . Especially in temptations against purity, the greatest care must be taken not to remain in dispute with the temptation. In such moments some are accustomed to set their will to make acts of the contrary virtue; that they run con-

siderable risk. The best plan to adopt on these occasions is to renew the firm purpose rather to die than to offend God; and also, to make the sign of the cross and invoke repeatedly the holy names of Jesus and Mary, without arguing about or against the temptation in your mind, keeping this up until the temptation is over. Of ourselves we have not the strength to overcome the flesh, our most cruel enemy; but God readily supplies the strength to all who ask Him; but he that fails to do so, almost invariably falls a prey to the enemy. The same is to be observed in combating temptations against faith, protesting at such times without remaining in dispute, that we are ready to die for the faith, and instead of then eliciting acts of faith, it is better to elicit other acts, as of love, contrition, and hope.

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The more we hope for from God, the more we shall receive from Him.

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A person of a timorous conscience, when he is not certain of having fallen into mortal sin, should remain certain of being in the state of grace; because it is impossible for him whose will is confirmed in good purposes to revolt against God without having a clear knowledge of his consent.

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To love God with our whole heart implies two things: the first, to drive from it every affection that is not for God, or not according to the will of God; the second is prayer, by which holy love is introduced into the heart.

Book Reviews

BIOGRAPHY

Follow the Saints. By Rev. Winifrid Herbst, S.D.S. Benziger Bros. \$1.50 net. 253 pp. This is a book of lives of the Saints for children. It consists of a series of character sketches of various Saints throughout the year. The author chooses some outstanding characteristic of a Saint, or some striking event in his life, which he develops, in place of giving a mere record of his life history. This is a commendable feature, since the book is for children. Each sketch occupies about one page, and is followed by a "reflection" or moral application. The general style is animated, descriptive, concrete—well suited for children; but we think that the author uses many big words which the children will not understand.—R. J. M.

The Conversion of an Episcopal Nun. By Cecilia M. Hatfield. A pamphlet published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 405-407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Price five cents; \$4.00 per hundred; \$2.25 per fifty.

Stories of conversions make fascinating reading—to say nothing of the inspiration they invariably bring to the born Catholic, and the enlightenment to the non-Catholic. Miss Hatfield's story is no exception; her progress through three or four Protestant denominations, through intense fear and hatred of the Catholic Church, through some months spent as an Episcopal nun—to the lasting peace that only Christ's Church can give, is told here with almost naive frankness and enthusiasm. It is a valuable booklet for pamphlet racks and distributors.—D. F. M.

The American Catholic Who's Who—1934-1935. Published by Walter Romig and Co., 10457 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Michigan. 513 pages, including complete geographical index. Price, \$3.75.

The last American Catholic Who's Who was published in 1911—so that the present volume both fills a need and breaks new ground. This issue contains the names of 6000 prominent living American Catholics, with brief biographical sketches of each. The publishers admit that there are probably omissions, and ask readers to cooperate by propos-

ing names for succeeding editions. There is also inclusion of some names that have no right in a Catholic Who's Who—but we believe that these mistakes will also be emended in the future editions. It is planned to revise and issue the Who's Who biennially.—D. F. M.

INSTRUCTION

A Boy Who Loved Jesus. By the Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. The Queen's Work, St. Louis.

A short sketch of the life of Guy de Fontgalland has appeared in the pages of the Liguorian. This pamphlet tells the story in a simple and appealing manner and gives evidence of the spread of devotion to this boy who died in 1925 when he was a little more than eleven years old.—M. J. H.

The Pope and Christian Education. By the Rev. Otto Cohausz, S.J. Translated from the German by the Rev. George Smith, Ph. D., D. D. Benziger Brothers. Pp. 131. Paper cover. Price 25 cents.

No new theories on Christian education are presented in this book, since it is based, in general, on the Holy Father's Encyclical on Christian Education, the purpose of which was "to summarize the main principles of Christian Education and to indicate the most important conclusions and the practical applications that are to be derived from them." The background of comment and explanation makes this book one to be recommended not only to university students and to all who are engaged in teaching, but also to parents who are trying to decide on a college or university for their son or daughter.—M. J. H.

The Child and the Church. By Gertrude Berry. Published by Benziger Brothers.

This is an excellent instructional booklet "about Our Lord and His Church for His very little ones." Each page is made up of two pictures,—one portraying an incident in the life of Our Lord, the other showing how the event still lives in the practice of the Catholic religion. Short simple sentences give the necessary explanation.—M. J. H.

An Introduction to Liturgical Latin.

By A. M. Scarre. Boston, Bruce Humphries, Inc. \$2.00. 208 pp. The foreword of this book says: "It requires an unusually good acquaintance with the ordinary sort of Latin to understand the Divine Office. For to come to liturgical Latin by way of the classical language is to go a very long way around. But there is a short cut—the direct way—that is, to learn liturgical Latin through liturgical Latin. Hence the use of a Latin grammar where the words and examples are taken from the liturgy. "And, opening the book at random, we find exercises to be translated into English containing these phrases: "Dominus Vobiscum," "Genitori Genitogue;" or another with invocations from the Litany of Our Lady, or phrases from the mass, verses from the Psalms, etc. "A year's study should cover this course," says the foreword again, "or the time of the novitiate in a religious order." The book certainly fills a need in the most literal sense of that term; we wish it every success in its great work of making the language of the Church's liturgy better known by those who have to use it.—R. J. M.

Radio Talks. By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. M. Farrell, LL. D., V. G. Published by Knights of Columbus Catholic Action Committee, Wichita, Kansas. Single copies, free of charge; quantity: \$4.00 per hundred.

The seven radio talks contained in this pamphlet,—six on the virtue and practice of the faith and one on the sign of the cross,—contain a wealth of doctrine. It is by reading pamphlets such as this that Catholics can obtain the conversational knowledge of their faith which is so greatly needed in these days.

M. J. H.

Is Confession a Joy? A Pamphlet by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cents.

Of especial value to the general run of Catholics, who find weekly or monthly confession growing into a matter of routine or into a burden, is this pleasant dialogue on the natural and supernatural benefits of the great sacrament of forgiveness. Father Lord is always easy to read, and never more so than when he is searching out the twists and turns of the minds of those for whom he is writing. The mind of the ordinary layman is well represented in the objections

offered in the pamphlet, and well prescribed for in the considerations presented.—D. F. M.

The Life of Our Lord in Meditations.

By Rev. James Alvarez de Paz, S.J. Translated by Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. vii-265 pages. Price, \$2.00 net.

These meditations have not the usual Ignatian form. They are rather meditative readings on the life of Christ. Alvarez de Paz was a highly contemplative soul. His meditations betray his intimate union with Christ.

The book will not be suitable for common meditation in religious communities. However it may be used for private meditation with profit. But it will serve its best purpose when used for short spiritual readings. Those who have not found time to make a spiritual reading of a half hour, can profitably use this book for a few minutes and thus "fulfill a long space in a short time."—F. E. B.

Proper of the Mass. By Rev. Carlo Rossini. Published by J. Fischer and Bro., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y. 1933. 57 pages.

The author has devised a practical solution of two knotty problems that confront most of our organists and church choirs: 1) the law of the Church which strictly obliges the choir to sing or at least recite the "Proper" whenever High Mass is celebrated; 2) the extreme difficulty of preparing even fairly well the Proper of the Sunday Mass as given in the Official Graduale Romanum.

Father Rossini, who is organist and choirmaster at St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, has made the arrangement of the "Proper" extremely simple. It is within the powers of any church choir. He divides the liturgical text into Verses and sets them to the Gregorian Psalm-Tones with which everyone is acquainted. Valuable suggestions for the good rendition of these arrangements are cited in the Preface to Father Rossini's valuable contribution to Church music.—E. A. F.

The Flowering Tree. By Sister Marie Emmanuel. The Queen's Work, St. Louis. Price 5 cents.

"A true fairy story of a girl, a bird, a tree and a happy choice." The pamphlet tells in a picturesque manner the story that is connected with almost every vocation. The last two pages are somewhat confusing to the reader by their ambiguity.—M. J. H.

Catholic Events

Persons:

Seventy-two negro converts were received by His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes in St. Charles' Church, New York, on January 14th. They were the first fruits of the Apostolate for the Colored People, established last July in that parish by the Rev. Wm. R. McCann, pastor. The ceremony of reception by the Cardinal was unique; more than half a hundred priests were in the sanctuary; admission to the laity was by ticket, and thousands of negroes, unable to gain admission, stood in front of the Church during the service. The converts recited the profession of faith in unison, then came in pairs to kneel at the feet of the Cardinal and receive a certificate of their membership in the Catholic Church.

Thirteen students of the University of Illinois made solemn profession of faith and were received into the Church at Champaign, Illinois, during the past month. They were instructed and received by the Rev. J. A. O'Brien, chaplain of the Catholic students at the University. The Mass at which the reception ceremony was held was attended by a congregation of over a thousand students and faculty members. The group brings the total number of converts at the University to 278 for the past ten years.

The Most Rev. Gerard Murray, C.Ss.R., Bishop of Victoria, has been transferred and made the first Bishop of the new diocese of Saskatoon-Saskatchewan. The Holy See has created two new dioceses in Canada, that of Saskatoon, and that of St. Jean, to be cut off from the archdiocese of Montreal. The first bishop of the latter see has not yet been named.

Charles Phillips, a member of the Department of English Faculty at Notre Dame University, and a noted author, traveler, lecturer, died on December 29th, in Minneapolis, where he had been spending the Christmas holidays with his sister. Mr. Phillips served with the A. E. F. and the K. of C.'s in France and Germany during the War, and with the American Red Cross in France, Russia and Poland after the war. His best and most authoritative written work was "The New Poland;" he also wrote poetry and drama, and his biography, "Paderewski," completed shortly before his death, is to be published soon. He was thrice decorated by the Government of Poland for relief work under fire, and was a close friend of many of the most prominent men of his time.

Dr. Selden P. Delaney, former Episcopal minister of the Fond du Lac (Wisconsin) and New York diocese, who was converted to the Catholic Church in 1930, and who is now a student at Beda College in Rome, was recently ordained a deacon by Cardinal Marchetti, Vicar-General of Pope Pius XI. It is expected that he will be ordained a priest about the middle of Lent. He is 60 years old.

The Propagation of the Faith, official organization in the Church for the spread and government of the Church in missionary lands, received a total of \$2,400,000 during 1933 from all parts of the Catholic world. Of this, 24 per cent was used for African missions, 22 per cent went to China, and 11 per cent to India. The remainder was divided between Oceania, Japan, Western Asia, Russia, Indo-China, America, and Europe.

The Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C.S.C., editor of the *Ave Maria* for 54 years,

died on January 12th, at the age of 84. He had been a member of the faculty at Notre Dame University since his ordination to the priesthood in 1875. He had relinquished the post of Editor of *Ave Maria*, which magazine he had inaugurated, in 1929.

The Very Rev. Vincent A. McCormick, S.J., rector for six years of the College of the Sacred Heart, Jesuit house of studies at Woodstock, Maryland, has been appointed rector of the famed Gregorian University in Rome. He is the first American born Jesuit to hold this high honor and responsible position, as the Gregorian University has students from all over the world.

Joan Antida Thouret, founder of the Sisters of Charity, was canonized by Pope Pius in the presence of a large congregation, which included two grand-nephews of the new Saint. The feast of St. Joan Antida Thouret was fixed on August 24th, the date on which she died in the year 1826.

The Misses Fusako and Mitusko Sato, daughters of the retiring Japanese ambassador to Belgium and new envoy of Japan in Paris, were recently baptized, confirmed, and received their first Holy Communion in the Chapel of the Apostolic Nunciature in Brussels, Belgium. Only a few months before, the two daughters of the Japanese Consul General in Brazil were likewise received into the Church.

Places:

In *Mexico*, a checkup has shown the final result of anti-clerical legislation. It is estimated at the present time, that the laws of all the States of Mexico together allow but 1,024 priests in the country, to minister to 15,012,573 persons throughout an area of 1,671,704 square miles. Laws restricting the clergy have been enacted in every State, though some are more severe than others. In the State of Tabasco, only one priest is allowed, who must work for 224,168 souls. In the state of Chiapas, four priests are allowed, for 528,654 souls. Vera Cruz allows 13 priests, for 1,374,476 citizens, which means one priest for 105,882 people.

The Convent at Lisieux, where St. Therese, the Little Flower, lived and died, received an average of 1,200 letters daily in 1933, from all parts of the world. In 1911, about 10 letters were received a day; in 1925, the year of the canonization of St. Therese, the number of letters had increased to 500 daily, and now that number is more than doubled. Fifty secretaries are necessary to prepare answers for all these letters, and the secretaries must, in the aggregate, know almost every language in the world, since letters have come in 50 different languages or dialects. Of the autobiography of St. Therese, over 3,000,000 copies have been printed in French alone. It has been translated into 35 languages and the total circulation is 5,000,000 copies.

In *Chicago*, a report has been released recently to the effect that despite the depression and the difficulties of the public schools, all the Catholic schools in the archdiocese have remained open, and there has been no shortening of school terms. The report covers activities of 386 elementary schools, 64 high schools, and eight colleges and universities, having a total enrollment of 205,920 pupils. One new elementary school was opened during the past year, at Hinsdale, Illinois, with 106 pupils.

In *France*, a significant item reports that in 1933 eight new diocesan seminaries were completed. Moreover construction was begun on two others, and three seminaries were enlarged.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

"Where have you been for the last four years?"

"At college taking medicine."

"And did you finally get well?"

*

Teacher: "Johnny, can you define nonsense?"

Johnny: "Yes, teacher—an elephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy!"

*

The bootblack: Light or dark, sir?

The absent-minded professor: I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck.

*

An old negro preacher did the honors, and the candidate for baptism was a coal black negro woman. The preacher led his victim far out into the stream where she could be thoroughly immersed and at the auspicious moment he cried in a loud voice:

"Be stiddy, sistah, be stiddy, an' you'll come up whitah dan snow."

"Oh, parson," she exclaimed, "Dat's askin' too much; a cream color'll do."

*

"Ah tells you, Mandy, dis earth, o' ours am restin' on a rock!"

"On a rock? What's dat rock restin' on?"

"Why, on 'nother rock; if you want's to be so smart."

"On 'nother rock? But, what's dat rock restin' on?"

"On 'nother rock, yaas mam; on 'nother rock!"

"On 'nother rock? But what's . . ."

"Looka-heah, Mandy, Ah's got dis earth o' ours on a rock, an' it's gwine to stay dar."

*

Irate Straphanger: See here, who are you pushing?

Second Ditto: I dunno. What's yer name?

*

Little Peggy—Mother, was that p'lice man ever a little baby?

Mother—Yes, dear.

Peggy—That's funny; I don't believe I ever saw a baby p'liceman.

Goofus—I can pick up a cent with my toes.

Rufus—That's nothing. My dog can pick up a scent with his nose.

*

The young spendthrift at college was broke. He was going to write to his father for money. This time he decided to write a little original so as to make a strong impression on the old man. He wrote like this: "Who needs money? Who needs money?" all the way down the sheet and signed it—"Your son."

The angry father grabbed a sheet of paper and with shivering hand he wrote back to his son: "Who is a bum? Who is a bum?" until he got to the bottom of the sheet and then he signed it—"Your father."

*

A woman had been inoculated preparatory to going abroad. Next day, to get over the ill effects, she remained confined to her room.

An intimate friend arrived; and a small daughter was sent downstairs to explain.

"Mom's in bed," she said.

"In bed?"

"Yes. She was intoxicated yesterday, and has a bad headache."

*

Visitor: Can you tell me if Bill Jones is up in his room?

Frosh: Sorry, there's nobody home in the top story.

Visitor: Oh, excuse me. I'll ask someone else.

*

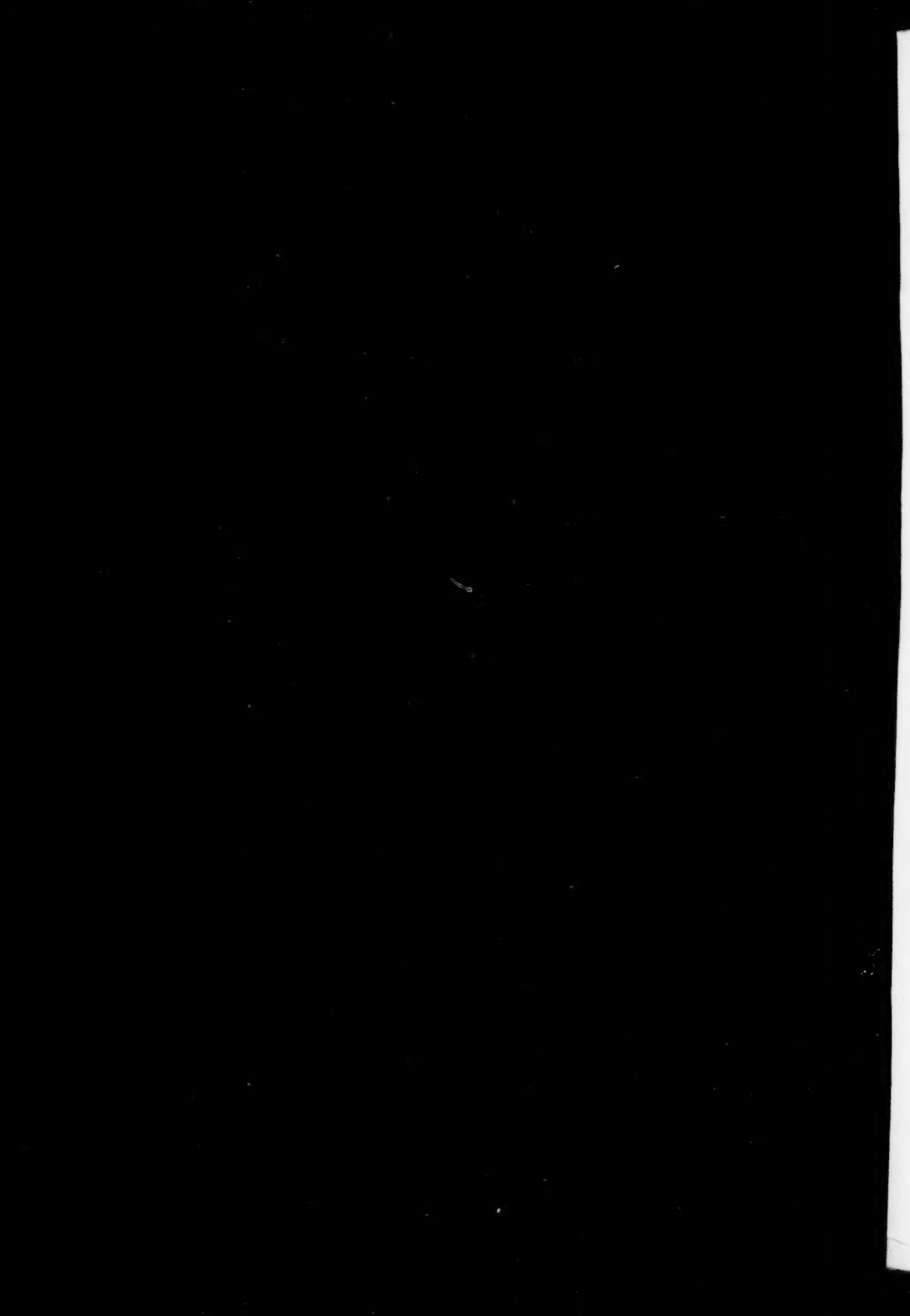
A butcher was surprised when a slim young woman entered and asked for twenty-five pounds of beef, but cut off a joint and put it on the scale. "Will you take it with you, or shall I send it?" he inquired.

"Oh," she blushed, "I don't want to buy it. You see, the doctor said I had lost twenty-five pounds and I wanted to see what it looked like in a lump."

*

Neighbor: Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?

Speedy: Oh, its a fine idea. You should hear the witnesses contradicting one another!



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